Dark Angel Sounding

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My angel was taking me to the darker side, introducing me to new sensations and passions, higher levels of arousal than I had ever known before in my heretofore vanilla sex life. He was an addiction, a dangerous habit to feed, I fully realized, and I had come back to his den willingly, wanting to know what more there was, what new heights my passion could reach. My head kept saying no or at least go slow, but my body yearned for his touch, for his domination, for reaching new heights of body awareness and pleasure under his guidance.

I had returned voluntarily to his basement room, as he knew I would. My hands were handcuffed to the brass headboard welded to the wall, and I was kneeling, facing the wall, on a stained mattress. We were beyond the spankings and light lashings that had made my tender ass, inner thighs, and cock and balls red, swollen, and ultrasensitive to the touch. We were even beyond the soothing and arousing attention his lips and tongue had paid to my swollen thighs, tender kissings that had crescendoed to bitings that had me screaming for mercy, and then to the rimming and invasion of my asshole with his searching tongue with its tantalizing knobbed stud.

We were now on to a new phase. He knelt between my thighs, very close into me now, the studs of the leather harness criss-crossing his bulging chest rubbing against my shoulder blades, his rock-hard cock, with its Prince Albert pierced head ring rubbing between my swollen thighs. He had one hand firmly palmed on my lower belly, holding my ass into his pelvis, and he held a purple silicone ribbed and nubbed dildo in his other hand, pressing it between my lips. I took it in as I would have willingly taken in his cock—as I, indeed, already had taken in his cock before I'd been handcuffed to the wall—and I made love to it as I knew he wanted me to, taking in its measure, knowing that it soon would be working its thick eight inches or more into my puckered hole.

The dark angel was humming. He had done this before when he was engrossed in what he was doing and when, it seemed, that he was being especially aroused by the activity. I had learned in our earlier session that this marked his being in a zone of his own while he worked my body. And, as long as he was humming, it made no difference what I might feel or want—he was going to pursue what he felt and he wanted.

He pulled the moistened dildo from between my lips and sat back on his haunches briefly, lathering the tool up with lube, all the time telling me how nice my body was and how he was going to play me like a violin. No, he said, not like a violin. That was too refined. He was going to work me like a factory machine, roughly and strongly, one that worked with a punching rod, pistoning the rod inside it endlessly and forcefully. I moaned at the image he was providing and longed for him to cover me once again, to hold me close and dominate me.

And then he was covering me again, and I felt the bulbous-capped end of the silicone dildo against my throbbing asshole. He told me not to hold back in voicing my responses, which he hardly needed to have done, because I lurched and arched my back and cried out my mixed pain and ecstasy from the moment the slick dildo entered me, until it had screwed in all the way to the hilt. I screamed out the stretching and rubbing and rough digging it was doing as I felt each ripple and nub working the walls of my canal.

All the time he was telling me how the dildo was nothing as a take-no-prisoners invader as his own cock would be, and he soon was proving that. He made me stand up on the mattress, my legs spread wide, and my torso slanted down to where my hands were cuffed to the wall, and exchanged the swirling rotation of the dildo for his own thicker and longer cock. I groaned and grunted and screamed out again in both fear and welcome as his heavily veined cock, with that ring in the tip—thinly sheathed with a condom that didn't interfere with the sensations provided by stroking of the ring and rippling of the veins as he plowed up into me.

When I felt the studs of the cock ring at his root attack the rim of my hole, he covered my nipples with both his hands and started to worry them with his pinching fingers and nails. Then he leaned his lips up to my ear and asked me if I was ready for the piston machine to be turned on.

I moaned back my desire for him to take me long and hard and furiously, and then I cried out once more as he bit my ear lobe and continued chewing lightly on that as he began to pump me hard, in long strokes, punishing my ass walls with that twirling cock ring of his.

My knees gave up to the onslaught of his vigorous fucking, and I collapsed down onto the mattress, the dark angel coming down with me, without losing purchase on my hole. He covered me close from on top and kept pistoning his rod into me. I was pushing my ass back at him with each stroke, which caused my engorged dick to slide across the mattress, and, at length I added my own cum stain to the mattress to join that of so many who had preceded me there.

With a lurch and a cry of victory, the dark angel also spent himself within me, and we lay there panting and sighing until we had regained a regular pattern of breathing.

While he was uncuffing me and leading me off to the shower, he said, "Dress after we've showered and then I want to take you somewhere."

I was mildly disappointed, because in our previous session, it had been after we had showered that he had really shown me what I had been missing for so long in arousal and a fantastic fuck. But he was the boss, and I was the slave in our relationship.

After we showered, he fed me, telling me that I'd want to build up all the strength I could for his surprise and then we were on his motorcycle and moving into an even more "iffy" part of the city than where his digs were located.

He pulled up in a warehouse district and we entered a nondescript door in a blank wall and followed the stairs to the basement. We were in a low-ceilinged, smoke-filled room that was teeming with men in various stages of undress, arousal, and release activity. There were bars set up on three sides, and small tables with chairs, most occupied, not all by a single person, all circling around a center platform, with a spotlight shining down.

Two men were performing on the platform. There was a wedge-like cushion in the center of the platform, with arm and leg restraints at each corner. A youngish, lithe red-headed guy, with a flowing mane of hair, was reclining on the wedge, ass tilted up on the higher end of the slant, and torso draped back toward the lower end, with head propped up on a slightly elevated end. His arms were bent up and his wrists were cuffed in the restraints on the sides of the wedge beside his head. His torso was stretched out fully to show off his fine musculature. His ankles were cuffed at the sides of the other end of the wedge, although there were lines attached to the wedge that permitted the wide spreading of the young man's legs. A burlier, muscle-bound, completely hairless man, wearing a headsman-style mask that covered his head and came down to below his eyes was hovering between the young man's legs. I could tell the young man was both beleaguered and enjoying himself by the screaming he was doing.

I no more than gathered the impression that the burly man was covered with jewelry piercings and that the trussed youth had one of the longest dongs I'd ever seen, however, before the dark angel pulled me over to one of the bars, perched on a barstool, and pulled my ass into his pelvis between his spread and possessing legs. He encased his arms around me and rested his chin on my shoulder.

He had ordered beers while we was folding my body into his, and while we waited for them to arrive, my eyes adjusted to the dimly lit room, undulating with men in heat and full rut, many of their eyes riveted on the stage. As the dark angel worked his hand under the waistband of my trousers, cupped my balls, and played with my cock, my attention went back to the stage, where I saw the young man straining his muscles, his head thrown back, emitting loud moans from a slack, stretched mouth.

And then I saw why, and I involuntarily tensed inside the dark angel's embrace. The burly dominator was kneeling at the end of the high side of the wedge, between the receiver's wide-spread, cuffed legs. He was holding the end of a silver, curved, rather thin wand between two of his fingers. And he was slowly pushing it into the piss slit of the young man. As it slid in farther, the young man was panting hard and crying out a series of "yeses," which was the only indication I had that he was enjoying this invasion of the most intimate area of his body. The burly man twirled the wand slighting inside the slit, and the young man groaned and grunted his ecstasy.

And then the wand was being extracted—slowly and dramatically. A sigh went through the audience. When extracted, it looked like a good six inches had been inside the slit.

I felt like I couldn't breath and discovered that this was largely because the dark angel

was holding me tight, almost smothering me in his embrace. And he was humming softly to himself.

I wiggled and his embrace slackened, but it tightened up again as we both watched the burly man take a thicker and slightly longer wand from a case and slowly insert that inside the slit in the younger man's cock, now harder and even longer than before. The younger man strained at his cuffs and screamed to the ceiling. Once more a slide in and a swirl and the wave of a heavy sigh across the audience. And then the long slide out. The third wand was even thicker. The youth's piss slit was being stretched open to where I could see, even from the distance that I was standing, that the hole was gaping.

I closed my eyes tight as this third wand disappeared inside the young man's penis. I couldn't watch this; I didn't even want to think of this. My own penis was feeling the pain in sympathy—or so I thought until I realized that the dark angel had a finger at my piss slit and was trying to force the finger into me.

I tensed once more and the dark angel whispered in my ear, "So what do you think?"

"What do I think?" I whispered back dumfoundedly. "What do I think of what's happening up there?"

"It's called sounding," the dark angel murmured. "I take it you aren't impressed."

"Impressed is not the word for it," I said with a moan, which told him all he needed to know about what I thought about it.

He changed tactics, "I meant, though, what you think of the restraint wedge. Does that look like fun?"

"Yes, yes, it does," I admitted, opening my eyes again to take another look at the wedge, and seeing the fourth, thicker wand being inserted.

While this wand was going in, the young man, who had remained calm for the third wand, cried out again, declaring that he was about to cum—to get the wand out. And the burly man followed the direction and slid the wand out just ahead of a prodigious spurting of semen onto the burly man's belly. Amid scattered applause in the audience, the burly man laughed, licked off the young man's penis and started forcing a pinkie finger into the now greatly enlarged piss slit. The young man was moaning and writhing again.

"Well, that's why we're really here," the dark angel returned to our conversation. "I've rented a cell here for this afternoon. It features one of those wedges."

He stopped in mid thought, however, the attention of both of us going to the stage now. The young man was being uncuffed, the wedge was pushed off the stage, and it was replaced with a thicker rectangle. Some sort of pillowy-padded platform with cuffs at the

four corners again. The young red head went down on this on his belly and his wrists were cuffed at the upper corners. His legs were bent up on the sides of the platform, with his upper thighs strapped at the sides and the ankles cuffed in close to the bottom corners. This arrangement presented his ass to the bottom edge of the platform, and his long dong hanging down the bottom edge. The burly man was kneeling at the young man's ass and was tonguing his hole and stroking down on his cock.

"As I was saying," the dark angel went on. "Are you interested in trying a wedge?"

"Yes."

"Now?"

"Yes."

As we worked our way through the crowd to a door at the other side of the room, the burly man was working his cock into the ass of the young red head. He had one palm pushing down on the small of the young man's back and had the other fist buried in the young man's flowing main, pulling his head back, so everyone could see the contortions on his face and clearly hear his cries as the burly man's cock plowed into him.

I was all atremble when we reached the small cell. Only a centered platform supporting another one of those wedges occupied the room. The dark angel slowly undressed me and cuffed me, facing up, on the wedge. The wedge was extremely comfortable and sensual. Then as I watched, he undressed himself. He looked good and evil, and I started to precum at the mere sight of that thick dong with the Prince Albert cock ring.

Then he did the unexpected. He blindfolded me.

I objected, but he said he wanted me to experience everything this time from just the sensation of touch. He crouched over me and kissed me on the lips. Then he kissed me on each nipple in turn—right before he attached clamps to my nipples. This was an entirely new, not fully pleasant experience, for me, and I whimpered a bit, but he was humming now. I could tell that I was going to be entirely at his mercy. And this is what I had wanted. I was addicted. I wanted to experience the edges of arousal and sexual stimulation. As I relaxed and he thumbed the nipple clamps, I began to enjoy what they were doing to my sense of touch.

He was tonguing and biting my inner thighs now and working his way to my asshole. When he thought me prepared, he started fucking me. He was riding me bareback now, and the sensation of his veined and ringed cock sliding across my ass canal walls had me moaning and groaning in appreciation. He was digging his fingernails into my thighs, and every once in a while lifting a hand to tweak the nipple clamps, hit my hard pecs with a closed fist and slap my flat belly with an open palm. Giving me a full range of sensations.

The wedge was wonderful. It opened and imprisoned me fully to the dark angel's onslaught. The domination was total. But not really total yet. He had more planned.

Before he jacked off, he pulled out of me and I felt his thick, hard cock being slapped against my thighs, then my belly, and then on my chest. He took my lips in his and punished my tongue with his tongue stud. Then he was kneeling on my chest, between my upraised, imprisoned arms and was slapping that dong of his on my face. He forced his cock between my lips and I deep throated him to ejaculation, gagging a bit as I swallowed his repeated spurts of semen.

Then he was off of me, and there was a foreboding silence. Then the humming started again. I hadn't been aware of when he'd stopped the humming while he was fucking me, but he must have—because the humming unmistakably was back and in full force.

I felt a hand on my cock, cupping my cock at the root, on the underside—holding my cock up at a raised angle, my hips already being raised by the wedge. Then I turned stone cold and a chill went through my body as I felt the cold steel tip of the wand at my piss slit. I screamed out as the first of the wands slowly entered me there. Violation, stuffing, remarkably little pain, an electric zing through my body, my cock engorging, an indescribable feeling of sensual pleasure—enhanced by the mere thought of now having had every orifice of my body dominated and fucked by my dark angel.

"Relax, relax," I was hearing in a soft, soothing, hummed tone. "Relax and go with the feeling. It will be so much better,"

A sucking, emptying feeling as the wand slid out. A strange sense of loss and emptiness when it is gone.

Then a thicker wand, entering me, making me scream again despite myself. Tightening up, but then remembering, and relaxing. But as this wand glided up through my urethra, I knew I was about to cum. I yelled out to the dark angel. Asking for mercy. Letting him know I was going to blow. And the wand glided back out and I did blow my wad.

A husky laugh from the dark angel and a cleaning of my penis with his tongue.

That's it then, I think. Yet another, deeper, darker experience. That was OK then.

But then an even thicker wand at my piss slit. pushing in, stretching me. Loud humming. I cry out. "Oh, God, oh God. Noooo. Yessss. M-o-o-a-n-n . . ."

The phone rang and I sat there, looking at it through five rings. I recognized the number on the caller ID. I wouldn't answer it. After seven rings it would kick over to the machine. Ring number six.

"Hello."

"You know who this is. Come to me."

"Look, I'm sorry, but . . ."

"Come to me now. Shower and clean yourself out. Don't bother to wear much."

Click.

I sat there, staring at the phone. I wouldn't go. And when I hadn't shown up, that would be the end of it. No more control. No more domination. Finished.

Forty-five minutes later I was ringing his doorbell at the run-down bungalow in a bad part of town.

My dark angel opened the door and pulled me across the threshold. He started stripping off my clothes as he herded me down the narrow stairs to the basement—to his special basement room.

"I just came to tell you . . ."

"Skip it. Come over here."

"I . . . I. What's that?"

"This here? This is a cock ring and ball stretcher. That over there? That's the cube."

He took my cock in his hand and snapped the metal ring around its root, and then he pushed my balls down from my body as I gave a little surprised lurch, and snapped a wide leather band around where the ball sack came up at the root of my cock, pushing my balls painfully into two tight, egg-sized lumps well below my cock.

"Ow, that hurts," I objected nonsensically. "I'm not going to . . ."

"Listen, if you're going to talk through this, I'm going to gag you. Neither of us is going to want that. You're going to want to scream and I'm going to want to listen to you scream. I'm going to get a certain level of satisfaction out of this, and if it isn't in the screaming, it's going to have to be in something else. Understand?"

Yes, I did think I understood—all too well. I looked longingly at the now closed and locked door leading to the staircase. I wanted to leave. I desperately wanted to not be here. But I was kidding myself. I knew I had been waiting by the phone, waiting for this call.

"Now this cube over here," he now was saying. "This is your home away from home for today. I'm going to fuck you every way from Sunday on this cube. This cube is going to

be your best friend."

My eyes focused on my dark angel. He was still both the best looking and most evil looking man I'd seen. He was a swarthy, hairy bear of a man, both a hulk and a hunk, a man of the motorcycle gangs and the walk on the wild side. His big, thick cock, with that Prince Albert ring through the head swung low between his heavily muscled legs. I hyperventilated at the thought of that buried in my ass again and, at the same time, I couldn't wait for it. I was precuming just at the thought of that PA ring dragging along my ass canal walls.

I just followed along dumbly, or rather hobbled, being bothered by the unfamiliar and painful sheathing of my cock and balls, over to the cube and stared blankly at it. My dark angel was patting the top of it to show me that it was cushy and had some bounce to it. It had a blue cover and was nearly two feet high and a foot and a half on each side. There were four cuffs, two each on opposite sides, attached by short chains to the sides of the cube, but there were several other places on the sides of the cube where the chains could be attached.

He told me to kneel on the cube, which I did, and he crouched close behind me, one hand holding my ringed cock, already engorging and standing at attention, while he clipped tit clamps on my nipples. I groaned while he did this, as they were still tender from our last session using them. He just laughed, enjoying my discomfort, making clear who was the boss here.

I could feel his monster cock, with its metal ring at the small of my back, and he was kissing my shoulder. I turned my head and he possessed my mouth with his, pushing in his nub-studded tongue and punishing my tongue and the inner linings of my cheeks with that. I lurched and tried to pull away when he put pressure on my distended balls with a fist and pinched at the tit clamps, but he took my tongue in his teeth, and held in firmly while his arms grasped me tight, enjoying my writhing. I stopped fighting him and willed my muscles to relax, to show him I had surrendered, trying to block out the pain at my balls, nipples, and tongue.

When he was satisfied that I was fully under control, he relaxed his grasp at the three points and ran his tongue down my back and buried it between my butt cheeks, his hands holding me in the kneeling position on the cube by grasping my hips. He moved on to fingering me with lube and sliding his fingers in and out of my hole until he was satisfied that I had opened to him sufficiently.

I thought he was going to move in and fuck me then, but he moved away from me and instructed me to lay, chest down, on top of the cube and to extend my legs straight out behind me and support weight on my toes. When I was in this position, he cuffed my hands to either side of the cube near the base. I had my legs close together, in a push-up position, but he told me to spread them wider. This was going to be OK, but not for long.

But he quickly let me know that endurance in this position was going to one of the main points to this session. I felt the slight sting of leather strips zing across my buttocks.

"Feel that?" my dark angel was asking. "If you don't keep your legs in this position until I'm finished with you here, you will feel the lash until you're back in position. Understand?"

"Yes," I said through gritted teeth.

"Yes, what?" he said, and I felt a slight sting from the whip again.

"Yes, sir," I said. I must have given him the answer he wanted, because he moved in between my legs then and started rubbing his cock around on my buttocks and along the insides of my thighs and up and down in my crack. My balls were aching from being distended even further now by gravity, and I whimpered a bit.

The dark angel liked to hear me whimper, and I could hear him beginning to hum.

And then I felt him entering my ass. But, no, even he wasn't this big. He felt me tremble, and then I was relieved of the pressure.

"Want to see?" he asked with a husky little laugh. "Take a look at these. These are what are going up your ass."

I turned my head to see a flexible length of fairly large-sized anal beads, and I shuddered and my knees began to buckle as he returned to pushing them into my ass. When they were all in, he slowly began to pull them out again, and I heard and felt the popping sound as each plopped back out of my ass. Then they were pushed in again and this time they were jerked out in one motion that had my knees buckling and heading toward the floor.

But the dark angel didn’t allow them to reach the floor, he got an arm under my thighs and pulled them back up while he switched my butt and the back of my thighs and my back with the leather whip until I had regained my position.

He did move back in between my legs then and entered me with his throbbing cock and stroked me until I was weak in the legs again. When he felt he had me opened up really well, he swung his legs over mine, one at a time, while still plowing me with his cock, and held my legs close together, constricting my hole tightly around his rod.

When I thought I couldn't hold my legs in position any longer and he could feel me cramping up, he pulled out of me and told me I could kneel. He untied the hand cuffs at the front edge of the cube, but he left the cuffs on my wrists. He then sat down on cube and told me to skewer myself on his cock again, facing away from him. I went back into

his lap and started slowly descending my ass on his cock, but he was impatient and took me by the hips and pushed me all the way down until he was fully encased inside me.

He reached down and cuffed my ankles and tied them and my wrist cuffs off on the same attachment at the top back edge of the cube on two sides. So, now I was sitting in his lap, my arms and legs pulled back at each side, hogtied and impaled on his rock-hard cock.

"Now we'll see what full domination is," he said. "You haven't been vocal enough. I want to hear some screaming and begging."

He first pinched the tit clamps on my nipples until I screamed for him to give me mercy on that. He then turned his attention to my tender, distended balls. He squeezed my tight nuts until I screamed in pain and my eyes watered. And then he let loose and told me to turn my head and kiss him. I did, and then he squeezed my balls tight once more, causing me to open my mouth wide in a scream that was stanched by his greedy, tongue-filled kiss. This time he didn't let loose until I was writhing against his chest, and my ass was rotating wildly around on his cock, trying to pull my balls away from his punishing fist.

He finally released me and whispered in my ear, "Remember that. I am now going to possess you as you never have been possessed before. And you are going to love it. And you are going to come back whenever I call you to me. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I whimpered, not understanding really, but ready to agree to anything now.

"I'm going to be possessing you in every orifice, and you are calmly going to respond to me. And if you don't, we can always return to tit and ball play. Understand?"

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, sir."

Out came the graduated sounding wands. I shuddered in remembrance as he selected a thinnish one and cupped my cock with one hand and slowly inserted the wand six inches up my piss slit with the other. I was panting, avoiding looking at the metal rod being run into my piss slit, but trying to move as little as possible and doing everything I could not to scream in fear of what he might decide to do during this delicate maneuver. I felt filled and clogged far up my urethra. He slowly rotated the wand inside me, and I wanted to tear away from my bonds and escape, but that wasn't going to happen. He slowly pulled the wand out and went to a larger size. I took my breath in and stifled a scream of violation and invasion as it entered me and teased the piss canal to widen to his attention. But, instead, I leaned back into his chest and tried to relax as the thicker wand moved deeper toward the bladder than the first one had. This time after it had traveled some distance, my canal grabbed it and pulled it inside. The dark angel had to grip the end of the wand to keep from losing it.

The tension was heavy and I began to sweat.

"Worried, aren't you?" he whispered in my ear. "I could so easily ruin you for life right now, couldn't I?"

"Yes," I whimpered.

To add to the fear, he started his hips in an up and down movement on the cube, moving his cock inside me. What he was doing must have been a great turn on for him, because his cock kept growing and thickening inside me, and he was humming again, more loudly this time. I was terrified that the movement of his hips and cock would cause him to lose a solid grip on the wand, and I started to moan.

He laughed and, while continuing the rocking motion of his cock, slowly pulled the wand out. The next one was a couple of sizes larger, and I was moaning at just the sight of it. It was no more than half way in, when I felt my balls tighten and I screamed that I was about to cum. He pulled the wand out to permit me to shoot off onto the floor beyond the cube and then he slowly reinserted it. When it was in a good eight inches, he took the hand that had been cupping my cock away and inserted his thumb in my mouth. I automatically began sucking on his thumb, knowing this was what he wanted. Then he had his three middle fingers in my mouth, being sucked like they were a cock.

"There, full possession," he crooned to me. "Servicing every one of your orifices at once. Fucking all three orifices at once. Isn't that nice? I said, isn't that nice?"

He pulled his fingers out of mouth long enough for me to whisper a "Yes," and then another "yes" to his question that this is what I had come back to him for—and would continue coming back to him for.

He released me from all of my bondage then, but immediately hauled me over on the floor beside the cube; wrapped a plow belt around my belly; crouched behind me, pulling my pelvis up to his; and fucked me vigorously doggie style until he had shot off deep inside me.

When he unlocked the door to the basement room and let me escape, he said, "You will come again when I call. You belong to me." And I did not contradict him.

The call had come in the late afternoon, and I stood shivering on the small porch of the run-down little bungalow, even though the sun was still burning hotly. The Dark Angel opened the door, and, when I started for the stairs to the basement on my own, he grabbed me by the arm and pushed me toward the back of the house instead.

We entered what must have been his bedroom. The first thing I saw was the large wire dog's cage in the corner and a chill went down my spine. I wasn't fond of dogs and someone like the Dark Angel was sure to have a large, mean brute of one. Then I saw the

bed. Just a double bed, but then I saw rising up from the sides, near the foot of the bed, what looked like two metal shepherd's hooks. I saw that cuffs on short chains were attached to the top of the hooks and that what looked like a wide band of black leather sling was also attached there and hung down between the hooks.

The Dark Angel wasted no time in getting into the session. He stripped me down and cuffed my hands to the tops of the hooks and made me kneel on the bed, pointed toward the headboard. My chest rested on and was supported by the band of leather. He quickly prepared my ass for his cock, came down onto the bed with his knees, and was soon buried deep inside me and driving my ass walls wild with that Prince Albert cock ring of his. This was what I liked. This was what I came here for—his luscious cock pumping me hard.

Shortly into the fuck, he came off the bed onto his feet and lifted my legs and swung them out, holding them to his hips. I was suspended in the air now, my chest straining against the leather sling, and he was pumping my ass hard and deep, swinging me forward and pulling his cock back before ramming me deep as he pulled my body back toward his.

I was sure he was going to finish me like this; I wanted him to finish me like this, but he suddenly stopped fucking me. I could tell he was close to blowing, but he stopped. He uncuffed me and told me I'd better go take a piss, that maybe it would be a while before I'd be able to do that again. With a great sense of foreboding, I went into the small bathroom off of the bedroom and did my best to evacuate myself.

When I returned, I saw that he was sitting on the end of the bed and had the ball stretcher he had used on me in the last session down in his basement in one hand and the case containing the set of sounding wands in the other. I moaned as soon as I saw them and involuntarily turned toward the bedroom door, wanting to escape. But I knew there was no escape from him.

"Come here," he commanded.

I hesitated.

"I said come here, now," he repeated in a low growl.

I slowly walked over to him and he pulled me to him, spun me around, and sat me in his lap. I cried out in pain, as he forced my ass down hard on his engorged cock. I was once more skewered to his lap. I involuntarily lurched as he got the ball stretcher snapped between the root of my cock and the pulled-tight balls again. This time he cuffed my wrists, my arms spread out wide, on the hook apparatuses at either side. After he'd bounced me up and down on his cock for a few minutes and punished my ass walls with his ringed cock, he spread his legs wide and then lifted my legs out even wider on top of them and told me to lie back into his chest. When I was a little slow in doing that, he reached down with one hand and squeezed my balls and pinched my nipples with the

other hand and told me he was going to continue doing so until I settled down. I fought through the pain and settled as well as I could under the circumstances.

I whimpered as I heard the sounding wand case being unzipped. Out came a wand a size larger than he had last used on me. I lay as still as I could as it slowly entered my piss slit and worked its way deep down my urethra. When it was in a good eight inches, the Dark Angel slowly rotated it about and moved it back and forth, nudging my piss canal to widen. He was humming again now, in his own zone of pleasure. He held the rod there deep inside me for a minute or more and then he turned his face down to me and, as I knew he expected, I met his mouth in a kiss. He was slowly pulling the wand out as he kissed me deeply, possessing my mouth, not permitting me to cry out.

He pulled his mouth away from me and selected the next, thicker sounding wand.

"Auggh! Ahhhh," I did cry out now as this one traveled through my piss canal. The wands seemed impossibly thick now. He was humming loudly. I was afraid I was beginning to hyperventilate and was panting with shallow breaths, trying to hold my pelvis perfectly still.

I wanted to pass out and I think I almost did as the fourth wand entered me. I was just collapsed against the Dark Angel's chest now, fully spent, every nerve of my body tuned to that thick, thick rod teasing my piss canal to spread wide as it invaded deep inside me. I felt I was close to coming, but I was too weak to do anything about it.

And then the Dark Angel was pulling the wand out. And he must have felt me close to orgasm, as was he. When the tip of the wand exited, he squeezed my balls and he and I ejaculated at the same time, me in a profusion of cream just flowing out of my beleaguered piss slit and he deep inside my ass.

I thought the ordeal was over then. He was passionately kissing me, and I thought he had had enough. When he disengaged, I just lay my head back on his shoulder and stared at the ceiling, wondering what came next—fearing what may come next.

I felt cold steel at my piss slit again, and I jerked my head down in surprise. I was just in time to see the full length of the four-inch swordlike metal rod as the Dark Angel pushed it into the widened piss slit all the way to the hilt. There was a metal ring attached to the hilt by a short chain, and he proceeded to force the head of my cock through this and push it to the rim, where the head met the shaft.

"This is a penis plug," the Dark Angel explained. "You will wear this until I take it out of you. And I wouldn't even think of trying to piss with it in; you would not like the result."

I knew better than to ask him why he was doing this to me. I knew it was all about dominating me—the most intimate form of domination—and me accepting that without question. The longer I took to surrender to him fully to his satisfaction, the more of this I would have to endure.

"And these are weights," he went on to say, showing me tiny black cylinders. "These are going on the ball stretcher to ensure your balls distend nicely."

After attaching these to the stretcher and listening to me moan for a minute at being stretched like this, he told me to kneel down on the floor and grab my ankles with my hands. When I had done so, he cuffed the wrist and ankle together on either side and frog marched me over to the cage. I was whimpering again as he put me in the cage, hunched over on my haunches. I now knew what kind of dog he had; it was me.

He left me there for I don't know how long, as the shadows lengthened and the light in the room dimmed.

At length I heard voices in the front of the house—men's voices—and an increasing number of them. The Dark Angel was having a party.

After a while, he came back into the room, beer in hand, still naked and his cock at full attention, and released me from the cage, the cuffs, the penis plug, the ball stretcher. He told me I could—and should—take a leak in the bathroom, which I sorely needed to do and that I should take a quick shower as well. I was all cramped up and could hardly stand, but I shuffled straight for the bathroom and for relief.

When I emerged from the bathroom, the party had been moved to the bedroom. Seven hulking biker types in addition to the Dark Angel, were spread out around the room, waiting for me to appear. They all were naked. And they were all muscle men, except that a few had a bit of a beer belly. They whistled and gave cat calls when they saw me, all apparently half drunk, and I was passed around the men for the next three hours.

They all fucked me at least once, and some of them more than once. All of them were rough with me, but some were rougher than others. The Dark Angel just stood back and let me be banged time and time again. Some attached me to the hook apparatus and fucked me either from the rear or missionary style with my legs opened wide and cuffed to the stakes. Once in the latter case, I also had a guy sitting on my chest and feeding his cock into my mouth. A black dude wanted to wrestle, and, at first, wrestled me to a 69 position and then, when I had sucked him big on the Dark Angel's command, wrestled me to where he was covering my backclose and pistoning his heavy dick down into me. Another guy had the nifty idea of stuffing me back in the cage and fucking me through the wire sides. He had a thin cock that just managed that.

Although the Dark Angel himself had started barebacking me two sessions previously, he apparently had insisted that all his guests had to wear condoms, which they did, and then just rolled them off and threw them on the floor when they were done. One smart aleck took it upon himself to ring out the count as each one hit the floor. I stopped listening to the count and gave up hope after the eighth one myself.

All the time the Dark Angel was standing nearby, watching me closely, and I fully

understood this was some sort of testing of my surrender to him. So, I endured it, and just let them manhandle and manipulate me like I was a rag doll, a docile rag doll with a well-fucked hole.

The apparent height of the evening for these dudes was when one produced the latest toy he had found. It looked like just a few interlaced small plastic tubes with a long plastic strip to me. But then, as a burly guy got behind me on the bed and got me in a full Nelson while my legs were cuffed up and out wide to the metal crooks, I realized it wasn't just a simple little collection of plastic tubes. At the base was a ring, similar in size—and function, I was soon to find out—to the base of the penis plug I had been forced to wear. He took my penis in his hand and pushed the head through the ring until it fit tightly at the rim of the head. There was an attachment in this that came over the glans and pushed down into the now-enlarged piss slit. I could see that this had an electrode on it, and for the first time, I began to squirm and raise objections—all of which the men in attendance thoroughly enjoyed.

There was another, bigger ring at the other end of the plastic line attached to this devise, and now the dude, who had the biggest and thickest cock of all of the Dark Angel's guests and who hadn't fucked me up to this point, brought his cock close to mine and pushed his cock through the ring. There now was little give, about nine inches, perhaps, in the line attaching his cock to mine.

I soon learned what this toy would do, as with the guy behind me still held my arms and torso captive and all of the other guests huddled around, licking their chops, my assaulter rolled on a condom and then fed that big cock into me and began to stroke me. When his cock bottomed out in my asshole, the line pulled tight and set off the electrode in my piss slit, so that with each deep ramming, a small electric shock buzzed through my penis.

Not only was the hulking biker big and thick, he also was an endurance fucker, and I had almost passed out from the rhythmic electrical shocking before he had shot his load inside me.

When they at last were done with me and tromped out of the bedroom in search of more beer, I lay totally exhausted and spread-eagled on the bed. I was shivering and trembling and probably would have been sobbing if I had had the energy to do so.

But the Dark Angel was still there. He came down on the bed and replaced the penis plug and then pulled me to the floor and hog-tie cuffed me again and dragged me back to the cage through a pile of used condoms.

When the Dark Angel returned to the bedroom hours later, after his last guest had departed, there was no energy left in me at all—indeed, I had been just a quaking blob huddled in a wire cage for some time.

He let me out of the cage and removed all of the cuffs and the penis plug from me and let me use the bathroom, and then, when I returned, he hooked my legs back up to the

apparatus and fucked me to his release. All the time he was humming.

He turned tender then, my having, I would guess, passed his domination test. We showered together, me being so weak that he had to hold me up and run the washcloth over me. And then he took me to the other bedroom, one not littered with the evidence of my ravishment, and took me into his bed, hugging me tight to him and quickly going to sleep.

I, however, didn't sleep for hours, regardless of how exhausted I was. For the longest time, I lay there with a phrase going over and over in my mind, a phrase that I couldn't even begin to understand: When he calls, I will come.